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The Hunter's Dream

By Penn Etchings = proof.

IN REVERENCE FOR

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The Vision or The Hunter's Dream



IN MANITOULIN, lake girl isle,
For sleep sore pressed the while,
The hunter cast him down for rest,
Nor brooded he o'er what might
befall the best.

He closed his eyes and tried to close his mind,
But no! The phantoms bright, reflected light,
Nor sun, nor star, nor candle jar, was near,
Nor yet from distant cabin in the glade,
Could rays from flick'ring camp fire 'pear.
Nevertheless, though tired, he thus essayed to sleep
Avert to all the dangers of the wood,
He sought the cause of his troubled mood,
And tested o'er and o'er, by changing posture

The Vision, or,

On his couch of moss, the phantom lights
in his closed eyes.

"The eagle soared so high to-day, and toward
the sun,

In vain attempts to bring him down,
Some harmful thing I must have done
unto my vision."

Calmed by this thought, the hunter lay,
Courting sleep, yet sleeping none,
Resting in body his thoughts took wing,
Back to the days of recent youth, for he was
young.

First his schoolmates, ranging 'round his couch
Pelted him with moss, and chided him,
For loving pack and rifle,
More than bright eyed girls.
Then the little sisters in the old home,
Toyed with the fox tails on his hunting cap,
Nestling dimpled cheeks into his swan's down vest,

The Hunter's Dream.

Proud of their hunter brother,
Then a stern father's disapproving frown,
And then, gentle mother, bending o'er him:
Her kiss, and "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
On her sweet lips,
Soothed by these thoughts, the hunter slept.
Did homesick tear on those closed lids
Form lens so magic, his dream portends?
Will mother's kiss and her true prayer,
Withhold the leopard in his lair,
Or stay the panther on the branch,
Powerless for the launch?
The hunter slept,
The hunter dreamed,
And here's a record of it kept.

The hunter dreamed of by-gone days,
When, as a child, he sought his plays,
In a field so fair, it seemed to him,

The Vision. or,

That Eden, in the sheen of a sinless world,
Must have been the place, as the story 's told.
He dreamed of the days, when his golden hair,
Twined 'round his neck, in ringlets rare,
The playthings, scattered about his way,
Told that his needs were well supplied,
And were they to strictest use applied,
His childhood plays would thus prepare,
For future weal, in days of care.

He dreamed of the waters, where his angles
true,

Tempted the perches, their greed to rue.
He dreamed of the red-breast, innocent thing,
That fell from the elm, when the string
Of his bow twanged out its death knell,
And hushed the sweet whistle, he loved
so well.

He dreamed of his mother, who chided him so,
with tears on her face,

The Hunter's Dream

As she told him of sin, and how sin cursed
the race;

And of the great jump that came in his throat
When he looked at the bird with blood on
its coat;

And the nest in the elm, where the desolate
mother

Made him learn it so early—the meaning of hate.
He dreamed of the phantoms that hindered his
rest;

When he laid himself down, with no thought
of the East.

The phantoms lights and larger grow in sleep,
than when awake.

And right position took good telescopic sight.
From the tree on his eyelid for dear mother's
sake—

Object-glass and eyeglass, right focused to a
breeding.

The Vision. or.

Just pointed right and trained to the zenith,
far above,

From whence, 'tis said, the Spirit cometh
on errands of God's Love,

And the dreaming hunter sighted,
Through this telescope, alighted
With God's Spirit, and measured
By a mother's love, long treasured,
From childhood's early days,
Even unto manhood and its varied ways:
The dreamer saw in spirit,
(For his soul was resting quiet,
Although his body wearied,)
A vision,—wondrous near it!
Up into the azure get,
Beyond the milky way,
Farther yet than dream-land,
Where Heaven is, they say,

The Hunter's Dream.

And you too may see it—
What the hunter saw so true,
From his mossy couch on earth-land,
Such things are nothing new:
The Spirit Guides The Way.

A field of wondrous beauty, and bright
With radiant light, burst on his sight,
Far reaching to the right, was all the light,
While on the left, 'twas dark
As darkest night, before the morn:
Clouds of darkness rolled,
While from their depths, the tolled
Bell rang out a weird warn;
And even as the sea breaks on the strand,
Surged up and down the line of right,
The rolling waves of night,
The rolling waves of light.

The Vision. or.

Pausing at the entrance
To this Glory Land,
In the light reflected
From the unseen band.
Of unembodied spirits,
The hunter's spirit scanned
That wondrous lumination
On the right hand.

And as he paused and listened,
To the tolling of the bell,
Sorrow's tears then glistened,
Sorrow's tears then fell,
And the shower was copious,
From the hearts that swell,
Touched in saddened unison,
For the souls in hell.
And thus the hunter questioned,
(Musing to himself.)

The Hunter's Dream.

"Is then all the glory
In Celestial Land,
But the light reflected,
From the tears that flow,
As our hearts beat sadly,
For our neighbor's woe?"

Quick the voiceless whispers
Answered to his quest,
"Yea, see the living waters
Flowing through the plain.
Long the river floweth.
As you see it here.
Since the word was spoken,
When the race became
Touched with the Good Spirit,
Then the stream began;
And it ever floweth,
From the throne of God,

The Vision, or.

And diffuseth goodness
O'er the floating isles,
Earth and Mars and orbs unnumbered
And 'twill ever flow,
'Til created mortals
Ever more shall know
The Will of the Great Maker.
Then the bell shall cease its tolling,
Then darkness and the night waves rolling,
Shall not lie upon the river.
Yea, the light thou seest
Is the Light Cerestial, —
No love so great as love
That brings a tear;
No light so grand as is reflected
From the drops that flow
Into that silver,
The light 's the Christ of God,
Cherished of Good."

The Hunter's Dream.

With this one question answered,
And bolder made to know
What other secrets locked
From human eyes below,
From hearts untouched, but hardened,
By sorrow's scenes in Earth-land,
By neighbor's weal or woe,—
The hunter's spirit listened
For the voiceless whispers low;
And the way profound
To gather in the meaning,
And to the meaning give sound,
Acquaint to mortal methods,
And for ages sought and found
By holy men and sages,
As the ages have gone 'round,
Through cycles unnumbered
In cycles more profound.
And lo! a conscious feeling.

The Vision, or

Of a presence, and the guidance
Of an unseen comrade near,
Of a mixing and a blending,
As the contact settled clear,
And then, the enrealed surety
Of the double presence there,
Of self and another one,
In fellowship most dear,
And thus two friends are meeting,
In Celestial Land,
Freed from Earth, and greeting
Each the other there,—
While enwrapped in slumber,
Clayey forms encumber
Mossy bed and divan,
In those isles so far asunder,
As from Ceylon's spicy shades,
Where the banyan's many rooted,
Leafy canopy o'er shadows

The Hunter's Dream.

One outstretched,—a pale faced student
Resting from his books and tablets,
While their texts remain unnoted,
And, as he sleeps, remain unquoted,

Westward, turn to view the other,
One half the earth we will encircle
With our minds, so fleet to travel—
O'er the Gulf and Land Arabia,
O'er the homes of far famed Pharaohs,
O'er the desert sands, Sahara,
O'er the westward ocean,
Sepulcher of lost Atlantis,
And, with many an added league.
Of sylvan marches,
To the waters sweet, that circle
'Round another isle—
Not more ancient land was mentioned
In the student's lore.

The Vision, or,

There, the warrior and the maiden,
Plight their loves, and con their prayers
In the presence of the eagles,
Whose swift pinions, they explore
To haste, and bear aloft, their plea
To Manitou,—their Good Spirit,
Here, we find the other, yet unawakened
By the hooting of the night-owl, or the
 bittern,

You will know him, by the tear-drop,
As it glistens in the shadows,
The homesick hunter, in the forest sleeping,
On his mossy couch, he 's sleeping,
Whilst his spirit 's roving,

And the student with the hunter,
Joined are they, in sweet communion,
In that land of grace and glory,
In that land so famed in story,

The Thunders' Dream.

I need in spirit who can doubt it?
And the voiceless whispers tell it,
Tell the story of the past;
And the student did unravel,
Many tales from bricks and marbles,
(Long lost lore of long dead scholars.)
Builted shrines, rock cut temples,
Caves out hollowed in a mountain,
Pillars raised, and carven sphinxes,
Rolls, reclaimed from mummy cases,
From tombs and crypts, 'neath buried cities,
Tomes of writings, known as sacred,
Writ in language, now forgotten,
Now they speak, though not with sound. —
But, in tongueless signs, we see it, —
See the story of the passed;
See how man, in long gone ages,
Not by maxims of the sages,
Nor from books, will win for wages, —

The Vision, on

Looked through eyes and heard through
ears,—

And saw in works of wondrous Nature,
A master hand and architect.

And the voice within, they heard it,
And by faith, they saw it.

Saw in dim and distant past,
A beginning, when the Word,

That was spoken to the whole,
Called in being and in order,

And, to order, gave the laws;

Laws supreme and never changing.

And, the hunter, he, did marvel

When he knew this scholar

Had the story from his travel;

And he did, discreetly;

As he thought, secretly;

And the student did directly,

In those voiceless whispers tell.

The Mirror's Dream

How the Arabian, even Adam, fell
How man, man, in child wonder,
Saw his form in glassy water,
Saw his eyes reflected brightly,
Saw the question in his mind;
Quick caught at the image
And the likeness of the man,
Every action and expression
Saw he then in reflection,
From within came the impulse,
Every thing, too, is a thought, (unthought)
So all we know is unknown,
'Tis the light and the knowing;
And the child-man, Adam,
Gazing, astonished, saw himself reflected
In the image in the water,
Saw the calm reflection,
And gazed, in enrapture,
Behold the glassy water!

The Vision, or,

Sought to capture the coy Spirit,
And continue the glad feeling,
Born to him, and to his race,
And in pure and limpid waters,
Splashed he in and splashed he out,
Til the waters, pure and limpid,
Washed the grime and blood stain
From his matted hair and mane,
Turning, then, to view the image,
With his senses pleased anew;
Yea, approvall, howe'er lightly,
Was it budding in his soul?

From the budding, comes the blooming,
From the blooming, comes the flower,
And from thinking, howe'er simply,
Dawns a reason and a power:
So the image, brighter shining,
As he viewed it, o'er and o'er,

The Hunter's Dream.

Taught the "Jair" a lesson,
A lesson of the water,
And its power to cleanse the soul,
For the Spirit, guiding rightly,
By the image in the pool,
Made him see his other self;
Yea, a Spirit of his own,
A Spirit, new, and cleanly,
A Spirit all his own.

Coming from the water
Of the shaded pool,
And noting other shadows,
As the beaming sun
Drew his profile plainly
On the sward and bush;
Saw the darker likeness,
Void of all but form,
From which he drew ill-omen;

The Vision, or,

For no eye was lit
With the kindly greeting,
And responsive wit;
He saw in it Supernal,
And a thing infearnal,
A demon and an ogre,
And a thing to shun;
And thus did man become,
His own and awful enemy;
And thus the race has run,

And as the hunter listened
To the many tales,
In a wishful silence,
And with a hopeful grace,
The student felt the queries,
As they came apace;
And so he did continue,
And so the record states,

The Hunter's Dream

How men, through all the ages,
Since first his heart was touched
By the lighting of the Spirit,
As in the burning bush;
Sought, first of all, a method,
Whereby he might approach
Unto his Maker rightly,
For, as he deemed Him such,
He saw Him in the glow-worm,
As well as in the bush;
A light beyond his power,
A light without his touch,
He saw the light at sunrise,
He saw that it was good;
He saw the shadows shorten,
As the good sun mounted high,
He saw the demons lessen,
As he felt the warmth of day,
He saw all nature rising,

The Vision, or,

To greet the glowing sun,
And as the day was ebbing,
The demon shadows grew,—
And here we see beginning
The anxious, prayerful heart—
Come back, O Sun! and light us,
For we shall ever know
Our lives are in thy power;
And thus we all do cower,
When the demon shadows grow;
And thus we ever cower
Beneath the watchful Eye
That sees our every action,
Sees well the reason why,
And thus the motive, ever
Within our inmost soul,
Must meet the stern approval
Of that Being whose great Love
Is Will, and ever Willingness,
To meet us from above.

From the gleaming comes the dawning,
From the dawning comes the day;
And the Light was ever shining
On man's first upward way,—
As by the works of nature,
Came rays of sweeter thought:
The right way from the wrong way,
The wrong way from the right,
His infant mind was taught.
And the voiceless whispers told him,—
Spirit whispers low,—
Of a Being, God, the Father,
Who created all things here:
The sun, which he had worshiped,
With all his childish heart,
By Him it was created,
And really had a part
In the great universe about;
So man progressing ever,
For 'twas the will of God;

The Vision, or,

That by His Spirit guiding,
He should gain to know,
What Voice was speaking to him:
In those whispers, low;
For, by these methods, gaining,
Sure knowledge of that One,
He must always listen,
To the Spirit warnings, low,
Or fallen be from favor,
And doomed to backward go,
And be inflicted ever,
By the demon shadows so.

So here we see depicted,
The rise and fall of him,
For all we know of Adam,
He must have been that one.
If so, then Adam, fallen,
Must seek a way to gain,

The Hunter's Dream.

Again, unto that favor
Which he departed from;
And to the very wish
Within his saddened heart,
Met the instant approbation
Of the One he had betrayed,
And the Spirit, guiding ever,
The right way from the wrong,
Pointed out his Saviour,
The redeeming power of God.

And so the hunter listened
To the student from afar,
Who told him how for ages,
Good men have labored hard
To impress upon their fellows,
A knowledge of some way,
A paradise to gain,
A paradise with God;

The Vision, or,

A way to light the shadows,
A way to keep the heart
Freed from sin and sinning,
A perfect, manly heart.
And in these efforts, mainly,
By precept and by chart,
Tried many quaint devices,
And in all tongues and climes,
Gave varied names and titles
To God and His Attributes;
And when all are deciphered
And placed before the eye
In signs to us apparent,
The three that touch the heart
Are now, and ever shall be,
Are now, as ever were,
God, Creator, Father,
God, Preserver, always,
God, Redeemer, ever.

The Hunter's Dream.

Whene'er we do approach
In sorrow for our sinning,
And a wish to be reclaimed
Within the love and favor
Of God, Supreme in power.
Yet not by proper motive,
Have all these men, in time past,
Sought to teach the people,—
For some, for selfish greed,
And for a baser purpose
Than man's good weal and need.
And led by evil spirits,
Have told their duped laymen
Of the power of rites infernal;—
Fierce orgies 'round an altar,
Of fireburned lambs and flayed oxen,
Of incense, in a brazen censer swung,
And serpents lifted towards high Heaven,
Of innocence, slaughtered in propitiation.

The Vision, or,

Of fancied sins and acceptations,
Sins committed, sins omitted,
(For some things that they have ordered,
Would sins have been, if sure committed,)
And with all, self flagellation,
And humble adoration of some rude image,
Wherein there dwell, so strange to tell,
Some attribute of rare merit,
As by their books 't was proven,
To this base purpose was lent
The power of kings and potentates
In all the ages, the minds of men
To sore distract, and lead astray
From the True Light — The Christ of God,
Which in them was, whene'er
By good and worthy motive bent,
Their hearts inclined to Him,
But, to despite all this,
God's Spirit did prevail.

The Hunter's Dream

And man was led, through all
This maze of doubt and gloom,
As from the bud sure comes the bloom.

Now see the river, flowing through the plain,
O'er which the shadows, light and dark, do hover,
Dividing sure, the right way from the wrong.
A river, bright and shining, 'midst the clouds
of night.

A river made from the tears that flow
From eyes that see the one true Light,
From eyes that opened to the touch
Of the only ray of hopeful Light,
That to this sin cursed earth did come.
Yet not to Earth alone, but to those other orbs,
as well,

Sister worlds, floating in ethereal space and held
In their stately march 'round the central sun,
By God's will omnipotent.

The Vision, or,

And man, blessed by this light, seeks now
A way to help his fellow-man, by deeds of love,
Born of that true motive of the heart, approved
of God.

And now the river longer grows, and widens,
Bathing with its holy waters, the scarred hearts
of erring man.

No longer, creeds and rites, potential are to
man's salvation,

But the Spirit, guiding in the sure way,
Leads man, upward and onward, to that goal
Where God's redeeming love doth cleanse
the soul,

And make anew the life, that otherwise must be
Cast out and useless then,

And as the hunter listened in wrapt interest
To this recital, musing to himself,—a thought—
"Why not this new found friend and I,

The Hunter's Dream

Seek here some pleasant haunts,
That we may dwell in this eternal bliss and
 "eternity,"
Where I can listen to his whispering love,
And he sometimes to love, he telling it!"
But the student, gently chiding, said,
"Not so my brother, for in the far East,
I left a form resting, a dream, a vision, a legend,
And though I sought hard,
They are, perchance, all who were there,
Because a love, a dream, and a legend,
Though this Spirit, if it could, dwell in seeking
 of living hearts.
For to connect us, the Spirit knows are collected
 of God,
And should the brightest one in all these realms
 of bliss,
But least its large, rebellious form becomes,
And still, worse than thou and I are now."

The Vision, or,

Having achieved this eminence,
Methinks that thou, on second thought,
Wouldest not question the wise purpose.
Of that great Love and Will, nor deem
Thine other self to brutish life, and death,
And thou, thyself, to endless misery,
Yet, thou must one more degree achieve,
 in this blest fellowship,
Wherein, God, the Father, is Supreme and Head.
Thy mother will this degree confer,
And in her charge unfold the maxims,
From her thou didst thy birthright 'sume,
And the homesick tear on the hunter's eye
 is right emblem.
And I did note thy mother
(On my journey from the far East, hither,)
Communing at the close of day,
I caught her silent prayer to spare her boy
From the leopard's cruel fangs,

The Hunter's Dream.

As she waits near the cool springs,
Where hunters slake their thirst,
To catch them unaware;
And from the panther's fiery clutch,
As springing from the branch,
She lights on hapless ones with deadly impetus,
And now I must away to Ceylon's shades,
and as I pass,

I will thy mother's forehead touch
With Spirit lips, and tell the exact spot
where her boy waits."

The whispers ceased and in their stead,
The tolling bell sent forth its knell
From the clouds that dark'ning lay upon the river,
And the hunter's Spirit, musing
O'er the last whispers of the departed brother,
Wonderingly wished, a hopeful wish,

The river seemed to brighter grow
Before his Spirit eye, and lo!

The Vision. or,

A chariot form, of mist, in view,
And misty forms, a child-like crew,
All mated in pairs, a bright girl and boy,
In robes of white, with shouts of joy,
They sang the song of the whip-poor-will,
To drown the tones of the tolling bell.
This gleeful throng came trooping by,
Far out in the bright light, as if to try
To keep their race far from the dark,
And dark'ning space; as the soaring lark
Courts the light of the morning sun,
So did this team the darkness shun.
A team in pairs, and a score to move,
In harness of gold, with the traces wove
With garlands of flowers; and waving wands
Of the downy reed, were in their hands;
All yoked to a car of the mother-of-pearl,
While underneath, the wheels that whirl
Glistened with gems, from the tears that fell.

The Hunter's Dream

From the eyes of the African, who knows full well,
That to meet the level bow has meant true beauty
And love have we a woman's beauty to know,
And the hunt came round as a swift arrow,
Hitting a bull's head, like a blow in the eye.
(For this was the game of the hunter,
And the girl who was with him all day was
his wife.)

When the sun was up and the day was hot,
To go to the river and get the water
The hunter went, and the wife who was
his wife.

The wife who was with him all day was
his wife, and the hunter who was
his hunter.

A voice from the river said, "The hunter who was
his hunter, and the wife who was
his wife, and the hunter who was
his hunter, and the wife who was
his wife."

The Vision, or,

"With as spirited team as ever was spanned
To plow-beam or harrow, in this or that land,
And, I fear the dear children will tangle their
traces,

Making a trouble to get well their places.
When the time comes to go back to our duties.
Besides, there is danger of hurting my beauties."
But, the hunter, not heeding the order that came,
Rushed quick to the car, his mother to claim.
And fell on her neck, with a sob and a kiss,
(Now, just here, it is safe to say this,
That the mother cared less for the mix-up
Of teams and their harness, than this loving
fix-up,)

And the children, unminded, found out a safe way,
To cast loose their traces and start a new play.

And the mother, and the hunter,
Joined, are they, in sweet communion,

The Mother's Dream

Son and mother, and in silence,
And in close embrace, quiet,
"Heart to heart, and lip to lip!"
For the Spirit of the Mother,
Always constant in devotion
To the crying world of nature,
Thought by love is in her bosom,
When the cruel world repents,
How then, when the mother, pleading
For the wandering and lost home,
Stands in judgment, long and searching,
Yea, in God's hand alone,
Hoping, always, the more for him,
Ever, in loving him, may know
That his ways were best and true,
That his needs were not forgotten,
That his love was never abandoned,
To the mother, only, known,
To the mother, only, shown.

In the days when only mother
Could do rightly, as no other,
But the son may ever wander,
Searching here; Yea—may ponder
O'er many a new found love,
Yet all his days he 'll squander,
Searching here, for love that 's grander
Than the mother's love.

And where?
And in silence? no, nor sadness,
In that Spirit land, glad gladness
Was in that sweet communion,
And glad heart reunion,
Over there,
And the hunter, nestling, fondly,
On that bosom, as of yore,
Felt a tear-drop, lonely,
Then another, as before,

The Vision, or,

"So far from thee and home,"
He felt his mother shaking,
As with a mirthful feeling,
And the sudden oscillation,
Seemed to break the combination
And the tear making.
And, she said, "My son,
Thy rhyming may have won thee fame
Among the birds and rabbits,
But I must begin to tell thee
How to mend thy habits;
And now we are together,
Close here beside each other,
I have much to say to thee,—
Have much, for thee to know, that's but
Pertaining to what thy way may be,
As through all life thou goest—
But first of all, I'll tell it,
Of a student, thou dost know.

The Hunter's Dream.

He was with thee, in this land,
Where thou and I are so,—
He came and touched my forehead,
For I was sleeping, too,
And he said that he could tell me,
Just where I might find you;
For he had seen a tired hunter,
Sleeping in the wood,
On a lonely, lake girt island,
Where he was sleeping good,
On Manitoulin island,
Where the waters, sweet, do flow,
Where the Huron and the Georgian
Join 'round it, even so:
There, on a bed of moss-bank,
Right out in the dew,
A hunter, sleeping soundly,
He knew that hunter, you.
He told me all about it,

The Vision, or.

The way that thou wast drest,
And he said he thought it likely,
Among the rest,
Thou wast a little homesick,
For a tear stood in thine eye,
And, by that good sign,
The time is drawing very nigh,
To touch the heart and mind aright;
And, that, this very night,
He 'd talked with thee, of things of old,
Of many wondrous stories, told,
Of things that are passed,
And of a grand fellowship,
Of which two degrees thou 'st taken,
The third, I must confer to thee,
And unfold the maxims and the token."

"And now my son, 't is seeming good,
That thou art minded right,

The Hunter's Dream,

For well I know that hill and wood
Were the first temples in God's sight,
Where, in by-gone days, as thou wast told,
The Spirit came to men of old,
And when men meekly bowed their
 hearts to Him,

His works of art formed then a part
Of worship, well approved,

But, when to the forest thou didst go,
I felt a loathe to part, just so,

From my loved boy, — but now,
I fear to trust thee, for somehow,

Though bedded on a moss-bank,
I feel that thou art safer there,

Than in the haunts of men dank,
That reek of wicked lives, where,

In great towns, they congregate,
To pounce on boys of thine estate,

And lead them far astray

From the right and perfect way,

The Vision, or,

"Now my son, 't is writ in a good book,
How a certain hunter in olden days, took
From the spoils of chase and hunter's skill,
The best of all he had contrived to kill,
And offered to what he esteemed as God,
In atonement for his deeds of willfulness,
Thinking thus to appease for selfishness;
And how another, not so bold,
But of a meek and lowly mold,
Who tilled the soil for daily needs,
And in his right and humble deeds,
Lived always well approved of God.
And how the hunter, proud in his sleight
To slay the things of lesser might,
Displeased the God he did approach
With offerings from his deeds of blood,
Which in His sight, seemed not so good.
But, perhaps, this translation,
May be offered in hesitation,

The Hunter's Dream.

For, between the lines as writ,
Seem other lines, as well a fit,
To the deep sense within the verse;
And so, my son, my words are terse,
And pointed to your choice of occupation,
For in deeds of blood, the earth to roam,
Seems not the thing to win a home;
For by thy sleight must fell ensue,
Great detriment, and created kind will rue,
That thou wast created, too."

"It seemeth to my mind aright,
That thou shouldst think, this very night,
That the great Sire and potent might
Hath planted deep in all things living,
A chief desire, to 'long their being,
And when thou takest in thy kit,
Some plan, born of thy studied wit,
Some artificial, deadly thing,

The Vision, or,

"'Gainst which, nor beast, nor bird, can bring
a fair equivalent,

Thou actest but the coward part,
And this, my son, I cannot feel,
Is natural to thy kind heart."

"Thy mother loved, in other days,
To wander 'neath the cooling trees,
That murmur songs in winsome lays,
As swaying boughs in summer breeze,
Or, when dropping leaves and fading flowers,
Teach anew, a lesson of the hours, that are past;
The hours we 've passed, have numbered
The length of days, we 've slumbered.
As well as of the days we 've labored,
For good and worthy purpose, favored,
By the Great Designer."

And I would not hinder, by my fears,
For thy safety and thy future;

The Hunter's Dream.

Nor win thee from the love of nature by
my tears;

But, by tears, I would that I could bend thee,
And, by tears, I would that I could bend thee,
To that service which will send thee
Richest blessings from above."

Now, a service thou mayest render
To all thy fellow men:

And, in it thou mayest realize,
Deep in the desert, far,

And the service it will take thee
High on the mountain side;

Yea, thou mayest give,
Long, by the lake-side, camp:

By the streamlet in the valley,
Or by the sluggish river, wide,

And, in serving, give a blessing,
And be a blessing them,

To all who come hither,
To all the living men."

The Vision, or,

"For God, in His all wise providence,
And by the blessed abundance
Of His love, has caused to grow
In great profusion, in the valleys low,
On the mountain side, and in shaded glen,
In marshes' mire and woodland fen,
In all the haunts of beasts and men;
And where the winged things do flutter,
Some goodly things; their names to utter,
And make known their value and just merit
In healing wounds, or ills we do inherit,
Is avocation suited to one who loves
His fellow men; and note the color of the
doves,
Whose rich apparel is derived from nature's
sources,
Colors rich and varied lurk in sap that
courses
Through roots and bark to stems and leaves

The Hunter's Dream.

And blossoms, and then the seeds,—Nature
weaves

In warp and woof, and pattern intricate and,
chaste,

A splendid mantle that will outlast,

For the Earth, and its teeming dwellers there,

The necessities of those that garments wear.

For in the stems and stalks of weeds,

And the downy covering of some seeds,

Flaxen fiber may yet be found,

Unknown to men, and more profound

The thought required to separate by chemic
action,

The gums and lacquers, and the healing unction.

The beasts and birds, thou hast sought to slay

Are guides and prophets, in their way,

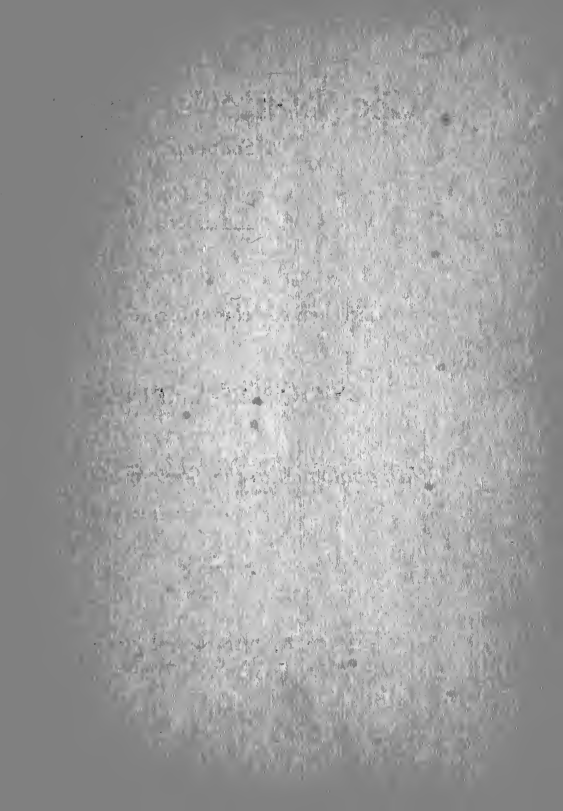
Unfailing in their instincts, and because

Nature has, in the wisdom of her laws,

Some understanding, akin to wisdom, given.

Joyful
Celebration





The Hunter's Dream

A Souvenir

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BY CHARLES A. KINNEY

With apologies to the Society of "Jairs"

SENECA, PENNSYLVANIA
1844 - A. D., - 1926

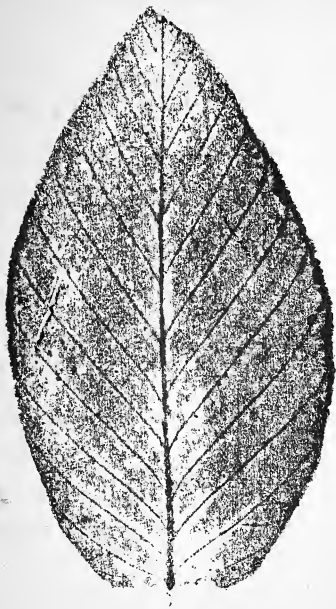
DEDICATION

To My Mother

Long thy body lies
In the grave, but yonder,
In that home above the skies,
Is thy spirit, sweeter, grander,
Sweetly now my memory hies
Back to childhood's days, and longer,
To the days before the wise
Ones knew what of are sighs;
To the days when immortals,
In mortal bodies, were not grieved.
Mother thou art resting,
From the cares thine erring child
Caused thee here, not listening,
To all thy councils, wisely mild.
Now I do thee honor, Mother,
That my fellows all may know,
That from my mother, and no other,
Did these lines inspired flow,
That thy spirit helped me, Mother,
Thus thy spirit now doth glow.

CHARLIE





The Vision, or,

"To all animate creation;—

Man has himself surrendered his great
portion,

Not by noting the guiding of the Spirit,
But, to himself sufficing, and depending.

On the merit of what he deems his own
intelligence,

And to gratify his own indulgence;

Like the singing, farm bred hang-birds,

Building nests of worsted yarn and pack-
thread,—

But note them in the depths of forest-
nesting;

You will find them seeking raw material,
picking

At the stems of withered plants, hemp like,
That furnish fibrous stuff, thread like,—

See them weaving in their pendent homes;
note this."

The Master's Dream.

"And now, my son, the time is near at hand that doth demand thy close attention, and thy memory open to receive the charge in the true degree of the close fellowship."

"The first is thine by right of birth and lineage. The student in the voiceless whispers, and make thee acquaint with the mysteries of the past, and, by what fell influence, designing ones may tempt thee to ignore thy just rights, and bind thyself to creed-bound fables, or subservient to the dictation of priests by ordination, cloister, school, and ambitioned to become illusions and shadows among thy fellow men: rising gradient steps of imagined inequality, to some bedazzling height of fame, on which but room for one is ever exists."

"Truth, alone, is knowledge; whose hath truth and light obtained, hath fame and place achieved in the Celestial land. None other is admitted to

full membership. Look now, on this love en-
lightened, plainer, sees, than some eminence upon
which some special gift has made possible place-
ment, some Reverend of thy fellow-men? No!
Hear men, love, (and love seeks not preferment,)
and loving, seek but love for its requitment, dis-
posing it again in overflowing measures."

"Look now upon the river-way,

Clear within the shadow ever play,—

At river made from tears,—Say!

Canst thou tell that evil day,

When to thy race was born

This curse that since has torn

The human heart, as garments worn,

Whose roots bloom mid briar thorn?

Canst tell the curse, and name,

The darkening light

That fell on man as from above,

Come ashes from a crater's fire?

Consuming night?"

The Hunter's Dream.

"Yea! thou hast the name,
And reasoned rightly,—"Full Love,"

"And now thou hast answered the test question,
rightly; one more awaits thine affirmation: I call
thou, thine inmost soul, so truly know, and charge
it with thy light and knowledge to the extent
that thou dost crave for fellowship, whether God
the Father is supreme and best; Who by His
all preserving Spirit, with men dwells, and leads
in the true path to light and life.

"Thine that giveth
Thine life defending love
Thine dearest life soul."
There are those that God loves,
And Thou art among them, in all
Thou hast of love.

"Yes, thou knowest, "Full"
And so, I answer, "True."

The Vision, or,

"I hail thee, Knight,
In armor bright,—
The emblem is the Vine,—
And, with a mother's holy kiss,
I do confirm thee here;—
Son of my love!
What love is this?
Thou art pledged and ransomed, dear!
Redeemed for good;
The bud now is full grafted.
Full grafted, on the Vine."

"Now see, on yonder love-lit plain,
The throngs of singers gain,
In countless hosts, to welcome
The wanderer to his home;—
But look, my son, and note it well,
What stands in this bright plain?
A golden Vine, and see it twine

The Hostess's Dream

Aloft to meet the star
Now I must tell thee more of this,
And by my words thou'lt gain
Some wisdom of life's uncertainties,
Some things of earth and sea
Beset the ways of all who tread
Among the ring of life;
Thou'lt hear of many a tale,
And scorn the world and mountain side,
In search of birds and beasts and sports
Of summer joy, and come to find
The heart in every room
As though a world of golden robes,
Braves in life's dream.

"By thy sleight and skill, thy heart is bold,
To meet the world and its own
And thus the great world is made
Thyself, the equal for all to see."

The Vision, or,

"When aided by thy studied scheming;—
And by thy skilled and practiced eye,
Thou wouldst not shrink to defy
The stealthy panther, crouching
On the o'er hung branch, awaiting,
Cat-like, the approaching prey.
The gentle ones in thy herds of game,
Flee from thee and the dread bone
Of thy studied lures and deadly wit
As thou too, wouldst, without it,
Shun the mountain bear and wild-cat.

"And how about the eagle? This day,
In rash pursuit of wanton play,
Thou didst attempt to stay his soaring,
As towards the sun, his flight was nearing.
A God, perhaps, in his acceptance,
Why not so, if the wild man reasons,
The sun a God, and the eagles, prayer carriers?

The Hunter's Dream.

My son, know this; God's Spirit surmounts
all barriers

To the final working of His will,
So thou didst gain the blood-red eye,
And the strange lights, and try,
And try, in vain, thy skill to kill,
For no just cause but vanity.

What wonder then, the phantom lights
Disturbed thy rest and gaiety?
This is one lesson of self-love,
The eagle still remains above."

"(Now this is a measure,
Rhyming with treasure,
A verse thou canst learn,
It will serve a good turn,
For he who loves self,
And him alone treasures,
Must get from his fellows,
Hate in full measures.)"

The Vision, or,

"My son, I would impress on thy young heart and mind, a lesson meant for all thy kind, and so refer thee to what was said by thy young friend, the student from afar. Then start thou not, nor be amazed, that I, thy mother, use that same strange word "Jair," for this is common to our craft and fellowship, and to know its full meaning is justly given to all new initiated: the very secret that doth belong to us, and by none other comprehended.

"In ages past, before the time of creeds, a strange people dwelt in the far East, from whom this student friend of thine, direct descended. Strange were these people, yet only to those who them surrounded. Strange they were not to themselves, for imbued were they with the essence of new birth. To catch the thought

that "God alone enlightens," they were the first on earth, and framed in their speech a word that stands for that condition. This word came to our craft, not in thy native tongue and speech, nor mine, for in our tongue of use no word is fit for that deep sense."

"Then hear the lesson of the leopard,
And the maxims sure record.

"And this is closely connected with the lesson of the leopard; for in the hearts and words of men, whom self-love forwards to all devices for self advancement, seeming wise so doing they are wisest and best; therefore the love there cannot be for their Creator, beaming with that enlightenment of the word of the Great Creator."

The Vision, or,

"This kind are leopard breeders,
Full, their kennels are, of seeders,
Of a curse that to mankind,
Seemeth the very worst;
But consider the selfish motive,
Lurking 'neath the curse.
Thy mother hath unceasing prayed,
That this curse from her dear boy be stayed,
Until that day,
When the Spirit, in His perfect way,
Give thee such knowledge of His good office,
As to know His Voice,
Hoping this but rightly known,
Thou 'dst fix thy choice,
To follow his good guidance.

"My son, the leopard of the woods,
By thy kindness and the rod,
Is tamed and harmless in his moods,

The Hunter's Dream.

And thou mayest dare his anger,
Or his stealthy hunts in hunger
But there lurks another leopard,
The leopard of the towns and cities,
Stealthy is its march and progress,
On all the paths that onward,
Man in life's journey travels,
From the cradle, and then forward;
Surely does it make its ingress,
Fawning at the faintest carress,
Purring as the leopard kitten,
Basking in the heat sun let in,
Filtering through the waving branches,
My son, this leopard is the liquor
Pouring from the crystal bottles,
Shining brightly, as the spotted adder,
That so stingeth in the grasses,
As the unwary trav'ler passes,
Spotted adder, spotted leopard,

The Vision, or

Spotted liquor in the bottles,
And the spots of varied colors
Spot the hearts and minds of drinkers."

"Thou didst learn among the things
That were told thee by the student from afar,
That to a certain named condition,
Our beings might attain:

He spoke of brutes and then a "fair,"
As one, so washed and cleansed from grime
And bloody stain, a new estate had gained,—
A recognized much better soil,—

And that in briefest time,
As witnessed by the image,
That before his eye did shine
In the pool of placid water,
Where he had seen before
The wolf-like brute, whose
Manner maner in the very core of other brutes,

Was dyed and tangled o'er a form;
 A form, perhaps, more manlike,
 Than some that thou hast seen,
 All steeped and soddened by the liquor curse,
 And maddened, e'en by the spirit thus imbibed;
 For they in frenzied speech,
 Betrayed a blasted intellect,
 Described by those who write to teach,
 As maniac, idiot, drunkard,
 Or perhaps inebriate;
 This last is but applied,
 By those who wish to mitigate
 Somewhat, the dreadful thought,
 That man, in that sad state
 Has fallen lower than was the brute,
 Who first was taught,
 By the washing in the pool,
 And by Him enlightened,
 The other is the fool.

The Vision, or.

"Now thou hast arrived at this estate,
Yet free from this dread bane,
Thy mother hath her heart elate,
That she this office doth sustain,
To charge thee here, and to thee show
The better path on earth below,
What things are not, what things are sin,
What things to shun, what things to win.
With all the lessons thou hast learned,
The self-love theme is all concerned,
The datum line from which to measure
The right way upward,
The wrong way downward;
And the measure is the Spirit,
That in voiceless whispers tells it;
My son, that whisper is
The Voice of God.
'To hear and do, should be thy choice;
For this measure

The Hunter's Dream.

Ever pointeth upward,
And to treasure;
And I would thee warn,
And from one sad error guide thee;
For in the hearts and minds of men,
Who not yet are Jairs,
There resteth this delusion,
(And delusion is but lack of knowing.)

"There is no *God*, they say, and yet they claim that they are good. To say there is no *God*, sayeth there is no *Good*, then how may they be *Good* when *Good* is not? It is simply not with them, therefore to them unknown. The motive is the *Good*, the *Act* is the *Effect*. Effecting by the act and noting the effect, is knowing. No other way exists, except the *Law*; to learn, then, by the *Law*, is to be

The Vision, or,

effected by the *Law* and its dread *Penalty*.
To dread the *Penalty* of the *Law* is *Self-Love*.

Seest thou the *Law* of *Good* and *Evil*?

"Now listen to the story of the panthers:

"The leopard and the panther
Are alike, somewhat, and kin in nature,
And often found in the same den disporting.
The panther is a creation of self-love,
And does inveigh against mankind,
And his best treasure,
A heart and mind by sin unsullied,
But filled and moved
By pure and holy thought,
To deeds of love.

"Thou didst, in the law of good and evil
learn this maxim: 'The mouve is the good'

The Hunter's Dream.

'The act is the effect,' when thou dost translate and read anew, the text doth state, 'No act is e'er without the motor part of good or evil.' Aye, thou dost start as though a thought just pierced thine intellect, keenly, as doth desire enhance the merit of what was not before apparent. Again, effecting by the act doth, too, affect the actor; for by good and worthy impulse moved, our beings are so estated, that repetition doth beget oft repetitions. The Spirit guide, hath sore been tried, in His good office, by this condition, where man neglects the first right choice, to follow his good guidon.

"My son, the leopard of the wood,
By thee was learned and understood—
For many moons since thou didst slay,
And bring to thine own home his clay,

The Vision, or,

"Proud of thy might, to thus subdue
By aid of craft, not thine own plan,
But of right belongs to him who drew
The forged steel and made thy gun.
Think on this, and note my word,
Thy mother must in this be heard;
For in all thy ways on earth below,
No other one can ever say
The words so plain as to bestow
Their full meaning.
The panther that I point thee to
Is not there in the deep, dark wood,
Nor does it stray
Far from the path that day by day,
Thou travel'st on in life's long way,

"Thou hast learned that to dread the
penalty of the law is self-love. I would not
have thee dread the penalty, but I would

The Hunter's Dream.

that thou mayest dread that dread. For I would that thou mayest not break the law of Good; for know, that in effect, thou dost then affect thy neighbor, and add a woe unto the added woes thy race doth suffer. If, by thine acts, thou didst but affect thyself, thy death could then atone for thine own errors, and thy death end that curse to man. Yet, thou mayest see by careful scrutiny, that that atonement cannot be ample, as to the sin itself, while such is still existent on the earth, by thine example.

"Now, this panther is inherent in the flesh nature of the man and in the soul that doth sustain the flesh to act, and without it the race dieth; yet with it unguided and unkept from wantonness, by not yielding to the guidance of the Spirit, it

becomes the wild, unmanaged panther that thy mother feareth. Yea, the panther is within thee, that thy mother feareth for thee, and thy mother will not warn thee against the panther of thy neighbor; for thus I would but weaken this just cause, and in the act, into thy being merged, the very essence of self-love, and grant thee license, full, to charge unto thy neighbor, the cause of thine own murders. But, I warn thee that thou dost strictly guard thine own dread panther, that it may not break into thy neighbor's fold, and spoil his flocks, and on him a grievous wrong entail.

"My son, there is a word that men have tangled o'er with many definitions, and misapplied its use so oft that now its message is obscure to many. Virtue is the

The Hunter's Dream.

word and hath but one true meaning. It
means the power the Spirit hath to aid
thee to subdue thy panther.

"Thou art Virtue's; now, and fair,
Else thou art not yet a "Jair".
Virtue is that grace of thine,
That doth multiply as time
Sends thee farther on the line,
Stretching longer, longer line;
As doth time increase the years,
So doth man increase by cares,
As his cares increase his fears,
So do the fears increase his tears.

And of love I will but tell,
When thou lovest, love thou well,
Love is loving,
Naught of it exists unused.

The Vision, an

Without love
We are always confused
In doing,
Love is living;
Naught of it exists when dying,
Love is willing;
Naught is there of love
That's chilling.

Now another definition
I will give thee,
So thou mayest comprehend me:
Love is thy neighbor
In thy shoes;
One whom thou wilt not shoo;
Thou art the one from these to choose
Which is worthy, which to shoo.

What see this love in plain

The Hunter's Dream

Dash compass high and low,
And through its midst the stream doth flow,
That nourishes that love,
The main of all our woe;
For only love doth feel the pang
Of wretchedness below.
Hate, malice, envy and deceit know
Naught of this, but, with tiger tooth
Hang its wounds they do inflict,
And cruelly triumphant stagger
Thence the load of ill-got gains
And broken hearts in this dire conflict.
Now, here a just conclusion make,
Nor the deep sense of this forsake;
For hate and love will not partake
Of the same Spirit.
Hate cannot feel sorrow,
Nor the bankrupt debtor despair;
For his relief from debt and woe;

The Vision, or

"Both are trading on the morrow;
The one more hates, the other borrow;
Yet more trouble for the morrow.

"And now, my son, 't is growing late,
This council must adjourn,—but wait!
The Vine, the emblem of our Clan,
Must be our next right theme;
For failing to explain this plan
Will unto the neighbors seem
Somewhat of a departure made
From our usual set routine.
Now turn thy gaze on yonder sign,
To where the emblem stands,
And note the twining Golden Vines:
Its roots are growing in good lands;
Its stem is twisting, to be sure,
But the twists are twining 'round
The loving hearts, that here mature.

The Hunter's Dream.

And thou art willing bound,
And 'Jairs' become, when all is done,—
That is, when the Spirit doth become
The ruling Councilor.
And the fruit of this right Vine!
I will just mention some
That surely will be borne in time,
Before thy life on earth is done,
If thou, thy Councilor dost heed,—
And a better one thou dost not need:
First, the leopard will not seize thee,
And tear thy form in many pieces,
That will not together rightly grow,—
But a temperate life thou'lt live I know;
This count I'll mark with a bud right here;
My son, to know this will save me many a tear;
And thy Councilor, if thou heed him, sure,
He will keep thee from the panther, pure.
My son, the panther causeth many a tear;

The Vision, or,

And many a mother, sweet and dear,
To a loved boy, hath wept a tear,
Because, her boy was not bound by a Vine,
Nor stood in the Council, free from crime;
And many a maiden, sweet and fair,
Hath wept sad tears, not caused by a Jair;
This count I'll mark with a bud right here;
But the panther, the panther I fear, I fear!
Only the Spirit can save thee,—hear, oh hear!
And there is room on this right Vine
For many buds and flowers betime;
And thou art but a bud thyself,—
Thy life, thus far, is but a span
From the cradle to what thou deemest man;
Long years must yet ensue,
And yet thou mayest not pursue
The path that will take thee to
That estate, thou thinkest now,
Thou hast arrived at, somehow.

The Hunter's Dream.

For the man thou enviest should be a Jair,
And, if thou failest as a bud,
What! Think you the bud will blossom fair?
O no, my son, failing bud is failing fruit!
This true maxim thou must not doubt.
I hope, my son, thou mayest see
This emblem, in its true right,
That 's bright with graceful light,
In hearts that swell with chief desire
To live for good, with souls afire
To help their fellow men, by deeds of love.

"Thus, in the van,
Thou mayest stand
And be a right example,
And by the Spirit led,
And by the voiceless whispers led,
Thou mayest thus make ample
Thy life, for God's good purpose.

The Vision, or,

"And now, my son, thy mother's heart
Is swelling with the thought, that part
We must, each our duties to pursue
On earthland, for the time is due;
A token, I, to thee will show,
One that I hope thou 'lt know
To value for thy mother's sake,
Note well this vine; there is a bud
On the topmost, twining spray,
Dost see? This bud is opening
A flower to light of day;
The golden calyx, parting
Its sepals to unfold
The petals, bright corolla
Of pearls, that doth surround
Stamens and pistils and the torus gold,—
My son, this vine I give thee;
May it in thy memory hold
Thy mother, and this meeting,

The Hunter's Dream

This council and maxims told;
This rose of pearls, I give thee,
Thou mayest wear it for my sake;
Two buds are there beside it,
Each doth a precept make
Sure impress on thy memory,
Sure comfort to my mind;
God grant, that it may help thee,
As by the vine we bind."

The river then did brighter grow,
And bright the light showed o'er the plain;
Throngs of singers gained, and music low,
Then swelling to a loud acclaim,
Floated in that Celestial light,
And echoed back from the waves of night,
Bringing on their cresting swell,
The deep refrains from the tolling bell,
Reminding, by their dreadful knell,

The Vision, or,

Of souls of men, in the sick'ning hell;
And the hunter and mother, list'ning quiet
To the music so sweet, in the silvery night,
As they sat in the car, entranced by the sight
Of Celestials triumphant, with hope at its height,
The hunter said, "Mother, just tell me aright,
For the thought it is uppermost, e'en most a
fright,—

This bell doth disturb me,—why doth the night
Thus hang on the river, and the blessed light,
N'er penetrate there; is something not right?"

'My boy, thou art used to the light of the sun;
Thou knowest full well, when something is done
Its light to eclipse, as the moon doth the sun,
The day turns to darkness, as 't were night be-
gun;

That darkness is naught but the absence of light.
Now the fog that 's imposing on the waters sweet,

That surround thy new home, where the eagles
 meet,

Could guide thee aright, to the solution of this;
For they seek on swift wing a higher abyss,
And back in the light of ethereal bliss.

That fog, thou knowest, is something besides
The absence of light, but springs from the tide
Of warm waters, and upward doth rise,
In the form of small globules of vapor, this wise,
Through which the light of the radiant sun,
Doth not penetrate as in the mere absence of
 light.

This may explain why the same is not done
By the light that, thou sayest, is not
Penetrant there; so your question doth run,
And now the comparison, I will for thee make;
The cloud on the river, thou callest it night,
For it seems to thee thus, and in one sense 't is
 right;

The Vision, or,

"But mankind that 's involved by it, never will
take

The same simple meaning, nor will they forsake
The evil that causeth it, till the Spirit

Doth 'lighten them, and guide them aright;

This cloud, then, is envy and malice and hate,

Mixed well with covetousness and then with
deceit;

These are the parts of that terrible curse,

Known in our craft by the joint word "self-love".

This cloud, then, is something,—not absence of
light,—

But a veritable something, as thou saidst, 'not
right'."

"How then, my dear mother, will it ever be ended

And mankind become perfect, or even so mended.

That the bell with its dread peals of warning be
lended.

The Hunter's Dream.

To cheerier uses, or altogether suspended?"

"My son, but one method is certain to finish
The work just begun when the Jair, before brutish,
Saw a brighter reflection, in the pool of clear
water, More manish.

A lesson most useful, none since can diminish
its value, — but consider, example, then potent,
Should still remain latent of good, if existent;
However, another, a method that's certain,
And lacks not authority to make it obtain;
And to work out the problem, this one is the
main

And thus, 't is said, that in the early ages of our
clan.

A brother Jair," who then was Councilor,
And taught the brotherhood; yea!
Became unto them a bright example;
And yet his words, lingering on the tongues

The Vision, on

"Of men, are quoted oft and revered,
As the very best mankind has ever heard, or
cultured; things he said, and all the
Among the things he said, and all the lore of
Pro-kindred tongues, a plagiarism,
Proves not that speech a plagiarism,
'Ye are of the Earth, its salt,' he said, and this
to 'Jair,' I would have thee, this
Yea, my son, I would have thee, this method
comprehends that which not, nor
Tory, 't is the one that faileth not, nor does it
blend;
Nor by blending, doth it to others' true value
lend,—
Now, hear the argument, and surely bend,
Thy brightest sense of thought and reason, to its
import.
'T is said,—and thy mother will not contradict
the scroll,

The Hunter's Dream.

Wherein are writ the words that do the tale
unfold.—

That from one first pair, who lived in ages old,
Are all of human kind descended,

It matters not that, on Earth below, we see
Races strange and varied;

Of all the kinds and consequences,—

It is plainly told, by this great teacher,

The "Jairs," alone, will then possess the Earth,
And those from "Jairs" descended;

The then is when the bell shall cease its tolling,
And darkness and the night waves rolling,
Shall not lie upon the river.

"But the time is due; we must my team assemble,
And to the Earthland, we shall go; you to ramble,
Through forests wide and on the mountain side,
O'er lakes and marshes, o'er rivers, long and
rapid.

The Vision, or,

"And by my side, in this bright car, thou 'lt ride,
So far upon my journey, as to that isle in Huron's
tide;

But shouldst thou choose to farther go,
Thy mother will be happier so,
Those bodies, that on Earth repose,
Demand our first attention;
Or we expose ourselves to woes,
For this our dereliction
Of duties, that are ours,
By force of previous ordination.

"Ah! here they are, bright, bonny pairs,
My well matched team of beauties;
Such a ride thou 'lt take, or I mistake,
The mettle of my coursers,
As ne'er was had,
To that island, fair,
Before, by homesick hunter."

The Hunter's Dream.

"But, mother dear, before we go,
I must ask of thee one question:
Not many have I asked thee here,
Except to connect the lesson;
Where got you these,
This gallant team of horses?"

"Well! well! my boy, I know that thou
Wast trained to be less curious,
And yet, they say, that Mother Eve's
Great sin was something like this;
To know the taste of fruit forbid,
And so she took the apple.
I think I will just humor thee,
So thou wilt be prepared,
And not forestall thy future joys,
By doing something horrid,—
And as we go, I'll tell thee more;
Now sit thee close beside me,

The Vision, or,

"And thou mayest guide them on before
This 'gallant team of horses;
Then I can use both arms, you know,
To hold thee in close embraces,"

The river then did brighter grow,
And the silvery light shimmered so
Bright on that wondrous sight;
And music swelling from cadence low,
To the higher notes of triumphant joy.
The mother and hunter seated to go,
To far away Earthland,—

But the tolling bell
Was sounding its knell,
As ever before,
For the souls in hell.

"My son, thou dost hear
The sad warning bell,"

The Hunter's Dream.

List not to the tempter,
Who fain would entreat thee
To close heart and ears
To the sound of the bell;
But ever believe me,
True Jairs stand a'ready
To hear and to help them,—
The sickening souls,
In the horrible hell;
And only example,
Canst thou make ample
To help them:
This maxim I give next;
T will bear oft repeating;
No shades to its meaning
Can creep in the text.

"And now we are ready to go;
O, yes, we are ready to go!"

The Vision. on.

A wave of the hand,
And the leading span
Straightened the traces true:
Away went the train,
O'er the billowy plain,
As the waves of light
Rolled left and right;
And the singers sang choruses,
too.

Out, out, o'er the plain,
Went that fleet train;
Nor dust in the air,
But the streaming hair
Made a track like
A misty sheen;
And the wheels that rolled
In the shimmering light,
Rolled off the edge of the plain,
Where the plain met the light,

The Hunter's Dream.

And the light met the plain;—
Yet onward they flew,
Like a star, in the deep'ning blue;
The road, it was light,
And the train, it swung right,
To the taut of the traces true.

And the hunter said,
"My mother dear,
This ride doth seem a trifle queer;
We're going at a wondrous rate;
Allow me, once again to state
My question.
Fair manners it will not rate,
I know, but I thy promise have,
That on this journey,
Thou'lt tell whence these horses;
And, at this going,
Not long our journey lasts, I'm knowing."

The Vision, or

The mother, she laughed a silvery laugh,
As her arms closed tighter around him;

"My boy, O, my boy!

Thou art my true joy;

But these 'horses'

Are another story.

I fain would thee tell,

But to make thy heart swell

With pride, in advance,

Is a worry.

'T is the only self-love,

That comes from above,—

From the plain,

That is lit with true glory."

"These 'horses'— not 'horses;—

For that 's a poor pun

On my grandchildren

Of one or two storics;

The Hunter's Dream.

For these are the ones
That later shall come
To bless the new homes
Of my children,
How many are thine,
When, at the right time,
As a "Jair,"
Thou art worthy of any?
Perhaps two or three pairs
May make equal shares,—
Now do n't be picking a'ready;
For much must depend
On how thou dost mend,
And how thou takest this lesson."

The hunter, not expecting an answer like this,
Yet had his lips ready for a right loving kiss,
(The shape is the same for both whistle and
kiss.)

The Whistle, or,

But surprise mixed with wonder, first came the
whistle,—

Some people the same do to the stab of a thistle,—
But the whistle was not with a clear, ringing
sound;

The dog, that was sleeping close by at his side,
Sprang to his feet, and made a quick bound,
Sought the face of his master, whose eyes opened
wide.

Peered into the tree-tops, and then to the lake;
Straining to see through the ables of the trees,
Something seemed missing; not even the wake
Of that wonderful train, such as one sees
When meteors flash past over the leas,—

The train it had vanished, but not from his mind;
For he searched well the landscape, hoping to find
Some traces yet lingering of the way he had come;
Of the car on the track, or his mother. There
were none.

The Hunter's Dream.

"O dog!" it was thus the hunter begun,
When speech came to his tongue,
"Thou hast done me no kindness;
For thou didst me awake
From a sleep that was glorious,
From a dream that did me so
Th'is night the most wondrous,
But stay, let me think how it ended!
Ah, yes, I began now to see it all rightly,
That mother of mother's and how she fondled
My cushion. O dog! thou wast lying;
That is a dog thou wast not going
To that inn from whence to this island.

Perhaps that thy feet
Had not been so fast,
As to follow that dog—
What that whistle did do
And when thy cub up
To that inn reached—

The Vision, or,

"O, wakening most horrid!
To lose all that good fun,
For a wretched poor pun,—
Just think, now, dog, I am sorried,
And she said that good Eve
Was in like manner to blame,
And something about forestalling;
Just as if it were meant,
That the same kind intent
Toward Eve, was in the beginning,
Now, dog, I may be wandering led,
And to fix all this right, in my head,
I will, while it may rightly enter
To my thought as I run it over, —
Nor will I more sleep, nor yet will I eat,
Till all this is surely deciphered,
So now it is day; for the sun doth appear
In the east, at the end of the island;
The eagles to-day,

The Hunter's Dream

May have their own way,
And then mayest thou
Wherewith thou canst bind
Thyself to dog's life, by eating,
And all the dream I'll write it down,
From the first into the ending;
Record sure, I'll make of this,
So there will be no forgetting
What falsey says and old truths
By people who have never known
To what the better are belonging,
And for paper I will use
For I have no gold left to choose
But this book of carriage parchment:
And my pen must be
A quill from the wing
Of one of our island partridges:
For that is the next thing,
And sure here are crimson gooseberries,



"No life has been taken to provize this lay-out,
But the bird's, and that was for breakfast,
Here, dog, is the flesh, — the quill is my share, —
And I will begin the record."

And so it was writ,
And here it is yet, —
Although the spelling is mended,
But what became of the hunter
Is n't said; for here the record
Just ended.





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